

is one more turn, and one may enter the daintily pretty chambers above. Below stairs are reception rooms, parlors, library and dining room, connected with the hall, and yet so arranged that it is not necessary to enter through any to get into another. The whole is tastefully and handsomely furnished, each article especially selected for its beauty and utility.

A bedroom which is complete in its decoration and makes one feel as if in a veritable garden of flowers is in the home of Mrs. W. H. Eastman, on North Meridian street. The general tone of the room is a cream. Over this delicate ground are sprays of chrysanthemums. The walls and draperies are also very elaborate, and the spread and all the covers for every article in the whole room are of the same flowery pattern. Nor do the furniture and draperies complete it. Every toilet article for stands and dresser have been made to correspond with the same chrysanthemum design. The dining room at the Eastman residence is also very elaborate, and the polished tables and furniture, the rich carpets, the buffet and all the appointments are in the most excellent taste and are in the same harmonious designs.

ANNA MCKENZIE.

WITH THE SULKY FLYERS

Frank H. Walker, of Indianapolis, Appointed Starting Judge at Fleetwood.

Condition of the Local Horse Market—Shipments to the East Become Lighter—Mr. Jewett Has Not Retired.

On Aug. 20 the great trotting meeting at Fleetwood, in the East, begins, and Indianapolis turf circles have been honored in the selection of Frank H. Walker as starter. A New York paper, in speaking of the selection, says: "Mr. Walker is by all odds the best and fairest starting judge in the business, and though two or three of the club members could give efficient service in that capacity, it was felt to put a local man in such an onerous position would be likely to arouse a great deal of adverse sentiment."

A report has been circulated that W. C. Jewett, the breeder, of New York, whose horses were seen at the recent Indianapolis meeting, is about to abandon the business. Mr. Jewett says in regard to the matter:

"I am not disgusted with the business of breeding trotters and pacers. On the contrary, I am very much fascinated with it and would rather engage in it than any other thing else I know of. I have not abandoned it, nor is it my intention to do so at present. For private reasons of my own I intend to carry on my breeding farms upon a very much smaller scale. On the other hand, business principles I ordered my stable to return to the farm, and as I have been misrepresented, in justice to all I will explain why, although under ordinary circumstances, I would not think of mentioning it. As falsely presented it reflects on my stock breeding and misrepresents my own character. The older division of horses, in charge of J. C. Curry, not being in proper condition to compete where they were entered, were ordered home and got into form again. They were again all right when they left Rushville to go to Indianapolis, and, excepting one, were racing well and ready to perform. A first-class manner in any company. They got out of form after leaving Rushville, and the why and the wherefore are not of public interest, but affect me personally, and in of course a matter of great regret and chagrin. The younger or colt division, in charge of F. C. McVey, were in the main in very good form, going fast and all right in every way, but in these days of phenomenal speed I did not consider them quite fast enough to win at Buffalo and Chicago. There was a fair chance for them to win at either of these meetings, perhaps, but I consider that if they did win they would have to go very hard races, and it would be better to call a halt and start later on, more especially as the older division, in charge of Mr. Curry, had to be retired temporarily and the trainer dismissed. When the horses were again all right they will be united and handled by one man, Mr. McVey, who, having been with me longer than Mr. Curry, would, of course, be preferred. I decided before the present trotting season opened that I would hold another public sale some time between the closing of the present season and the opening of the trotting in 1894, and I have seen no reason for a change of mind on this subject."

A special feature of the Terre Haute races, Aug. 14 to 18, inclusive, will be the novelty stakes. The entries to this do not close until the evening before the race, and it is just the thing for those that are capable of becoming standard by their own performance, and are not as reliable as they should be in a race. The following are the conditions for this stake: Entrance \$15. Entries close 7 p. m. night before race. Three to enter to fill. These entries will be divided in fields of three. Mile heats in harness. Winner of first heat retires to stable, and is followed by the winner of second and third heats, respectively. Winner of the fastest of the three heats awarded 50 per cent of stake, second and third the balance of said stake. Novelty stakes will be contested in the forenoon.

The times are very quiet with the Indianapolis horse dealers and likely to continue so for the next six weeks. Since Feb. 1 more horses have been purchased in this market and sent East than in any like period in many years, and most of the horses shipped have been good stock and brought Indiana into prominence as producing good horses. Blair & Baker have since Feb. 1 shipped forty loads of horses, most of them going to points in central Pennsylvania. Horace Wood has shipped twelve carloads, most of them going to Buffalo and other points in New York State.

Little Hoof-Beats. George Vaughan, Needham, Ind., owns a full brother to Tade Jefferson, 2164.

The Eastern Indiana Fair Circuit begins at Hazlet, Ind., on Tuesday. Entries for speed close tomorrow.

Tom Taggart sold last week to Horace Scott, of Louisville, Ky., the bay stallion Pacific State 10124, by Sultan, dam Dido, by Hattie.

The partnership of A. S. and Ed V. Mitchell, proprietors of the Mitchell farm, Martinsville, Ind., has been dissolved, and they will sell their stock at public sale on Thursday.

A trotting association has been organized at Logansport, Ind., and plans for holding a trotting meeting the first week in October have been formed. The programme will shortly appear.

Dr. W. T. Gott, of Crawfordsville, Ind., says notwithstanding the seemingly quiet market carload after carload of horses are shipped from that city. The doctor has some very promising youngsters.

The race meeting to be given in connection with the Indiana State Fair, to be held at Indianapolis, Sept. 18 to 23, will be one of the greatest meetings held within the boundaries of the State this season.

When an Indiana man goes back on the pacer the millennium will be near enough for the earth and Jupiter to exchange cigarettes. A native of Indiana recently paid \$7,000 for a pacer with a record of 2:04 1/2.—Western Breeder.

Euro, by Egbert, and owned by George Goodrich, Shelbyville, Ind., obtained a record of 2:26 1/4 at Chatham, Canada, one day last week, and if he keeps all right, and from present indications it will, he will enter the 2:20 list as soon as he strikes a good mile track.

W. P. Taylor, owner of Mascot, 2:04 1/2, is anxious to test the full speed of his grand pacer on the Columbus track. Secretary Lyle received a telegram from Mr. Taylor last week asking how much the association would give for a special with Mascot during the fall meeting, provided he won the free-for-all at Buffalo. The association has not yet set a figure.

A Four Year.

The Duke of Veragua is not much acquainted with the United States or he would know that a Democratic year is a mighty poor time to pass the contribution box.

ODD PHASES OF CITY LIFE

An Incident in Shopping that Caused a Housewife Some Embarrassment.

Satisfaction One Woman Found in Crowding on a Street Car—Fighting Miss Indiana High in the Sky with Gas.

People are complaining of the lack of trade and the dullness of the times, but if anyone wishes to believe the contrary so to the bargain counter of any of the dry-goods stores when there is some special attraction, such as calicoes at 1 cent a yard, and see the women three and four rows deep, and the idea that there is no business will be entirely dispelled. One day last week there was just such a rush at one of the counters of one of the largest shops, and women of all shades of color were struggling to secure some of the materials that were being almost given away.

Among the many were two who figure importantly in this tale of woe. One was a white woman of fair name and her neighbor was of somewhat darker complexion from some other quarter of town. In the confusion Madame White, having completed her purchases, turned to go. As she did so she picked up Madame Black's pocketbook and thrust it in her shopping bag. She left the store on other errands, not knowing that she had brought on the colored woman. When Madame Black decided her purchases and looked for her money it was not. She was almost crazy; all her money was contained in that bag of leather. Her sorrow was loud and long, and nearly every one in the whole establishment soon knew that her money was stolen. The clerk at that particular counter happened to know who the woman was who had stood near her during the sale, and gave her the name and address. Madame Black started off at great speed to find Madame W. When she came to the house her victim had not yet returned from her shopping expedition, and the excited woman could not make the housemaid understand either who or what she wanted. Neither would the maid let her come into the house and stay with her. The woman was not going to allow any such small matter as that to keep her from her rightful possessions, so she sat herself down on the porch to await Madame's arrival.

The length of time that she waited seems to be somewhat indefinite. Madame W. came out not long after her money had been stolen, and she had only one or two minutes, as she had only one other errand to do after she left the store, while her worthy contemporary "just knows she waited most of the whole day." Certain it is that they finally came together. Madame B. had had some time to recover herself, so that she could speak calmly, and she told of her loss. Madame W. did not dream of what was coming. The colored woman saw that the taking of the money even yet was unexpected by the other. The one who had come to accuse harshly now found her role somewhat changed. There was nothing left for the accuser to do but to tell the other that the money was in the bag. Again the tables turned. The bag was searched, and, sure enough, there was the lost pocketbook.

Everybody rides in the street cars: that is a part of every Indianapolis person's life. If there should happen to be anyone who has not, that one is an exception which would be difficult to believe. There are many pleasures in riding, and there are also some experiences that are not so pleasant. One action of the fellow-passenger is particularly aggravating. It is to wish to enter a seat of the summer car and have the person occupying the end seat refuse to move. In such case the one entering is compelled to crowd by, and if the two happen to be women there is a great musing of finery. The one who has to pass does not always find herself in the most amiable frame of mind after the performance and has been known to voice her feelings more than once. It happened coming down Illinois street not many days ago that the first woman in the seat next the one nearest the end. Not many squares further down woman No. 2 stepped in and waited for No. 1 to move. No. 1 was not so inclined, so she held her place. No. 2 was not going to let No. 1 sit so comfortably, so she began to air her mind, and she is a woman who knows how to express herself without help from any body's dictionary. No. 1 almost wished that she had moved; the woman's talk was so much more forcible than elegant. Nor was her wrath in any degree appeased. No. 2 had to crowd by again, her stopping place coming before the other. No. 2 would not be the first one to say that it put her at an end to her patience, but she would say that she occupied all the space she possibly could in getting by and bump the other person as much as she could, making it as uncomfortable as possible. She has even gone so far as to say that she was glad when she got in last and doubly glad when she had to get out first, so that one of the two women should relate the case each would speak of the impoliteness of the other and think that she alone was the one aggrieved.

A well-known lady of this city, who had two hundred dollars in the Indianapolis National Bank when it closed also had \$300 in another bank. Becoming needlessly alarmed for the safety of the latter deposit, she hastened to the bank to draw it out. When she reached the teller's window, check in hand, there was a colored woman beside her who had a check for \$200 and who presented it just as the lady did hers. The teller handed out the two amounts in gold at the same time, and the lady who had presented the \$300 check hurried to take it before she was raked it all in. The colored woman ventured to remark, "I guess you think my money ain't good?" The teller assured her she was not, and pocketed her wealth. On leaving the bank she hastened to her brother's office to count her money and found to her surprise that she had \$40 too much. Her brother counted it and he also made it \$300. Seeing that a mistake had been made, she returned to the bank, and as soon as she could get the teller's ear said "I guess you made a mistake in paying my check." He seemed to take in the situation at once and said, "No, but you got that colored woman's money." From explanation which followed it appeared that when the colored woman found her money had been rathered by somebody else she became quite excited and thought she was going to be swindled. The teller assured that the lady who must have taken her money had undoubtedly done so by mistake and that she was perfectly honest and would return it. He gave the colored woman the lady's address, and in due time in called at the lady's house to demand a settlement. Meanwhile the lady had returned the \$300 to the bank, where the owner found it a few hours later. Perhaps the funniest part of the story is that when the lady returned to the bank to return the \$300 that she had received in excess she also deposited the \$300 she had checked out half an hour before. As soon as she got the gold in her possession her panic subsided, and with the return of reason she concluded to put her money back in the bank.

"It is nothing but utter nonsense," said the man who had married four times, "to ascribe to women a finer nervous organization than is possessed by men. There is not one man in a hundred who could go through the worry of taking care of a baby for the first two years of its life without breaking down. Who takes the keenest delight in the squeal of a hand organ? A woman. Who buys all these internal soft-voiced canaries that are imported by thousands to this country? Women. Whose dog is it that has never been trained to behave, but barks all night and most of the day? The woman's every time. Still they talk about the delicate, finely-strung nerves of em! Bah!"

When the panic affects the great Democratic industry of office seeking then times are hard, indeed. Jim Berry, the secretary of the Gray Club, was asked, by George Harvey, to give an explanation of the peculiar conduct of the Democratic convention, Friday night, in making but five nominations for the office of congressional delegate, when six are to be elected. "Well,"

said Jim, "the financial stringency is so great that we thought we would lay off a man, and run with a reduced force; see?"

The manager of a North Illinois street fish stand had just opened his place one morning last week, when three men with "jags" in the stage of incubation wandered in and ordered three strings of fish prepared. They promised to call for them on their return in the evening. "You see, friend," the spokesman of the party explained, "we are all married men, and we're goin' fishin' and we don't expect to go within five miles of the water, and we want a nice string of fish you know what kind to put up—take home to our wives and families. Understand?"

The fish dealer said he understood, and promised to have the goods ready in the evening. Not having much faith in the ability of the party to recollect the contract they had made, he concluded to wait until they came back before he put up the order. About 6 o'clock in the evening they all came back with the "jags" fully developed, and when they found the fisherman had not the "catch" ready to take home they fell upon him with violent and unselected language. "I'll fix 'em," said the storekeeper, and he did. Each man was fitted out with a string of fine salt mackerel, which he took in good faith. What happened to them when their wives were presented with those strings of fish the fish dealer does not know. As he has never heard from his customers since he has a suspicion that they have been killed.

Two little bootblacks were standing on the corner of Market and the Circle, looking up at the monument. "I'd like to know how they are goin' to get the statue up there," said one. "Why, don't you know?" responded the other. "My daddy asked one of the fellows that was up there, and he told my daddy that they was goin' to fill it with gas and float it up like a bl'oon."

A small band was going down Washington street, a few days ago, grinding out "After the Ball is Over," and the heads of perspiration poured down the face of the man who blew the big horn. A policeman stood on the sidewalk, and the music so disgusted him that he remarked: "Say, there is a whole lot of music that this band knows nothing about."

OFFERINGS OF THE POETS.

It Was the Twilight Talking.

It was the twilight talking.

In accents soft and low.

And not your voice beloved,

That thrilled my pulses so.

It was the drowsy murmur

Of happy being dead.

Not words of love and longing

In hush of evening heard.

It is a trick of fancy

To hear your footsteps pass.

Yet know you're not the wind

Gone sighing in the grass:

A dear and sweet illusion

To feel your dark eyes shine

Against the dark and kindly

The fires of youth in mine.

But this is love that passes—

The transient thing:

We stretch our arms, and find it

Forever vanishing:

Forever in the twilight,

Commanded by the breeze,

Gone—drifting down the archway

Of tender, budding trees.

Gone—floating on the water,

Gone—ringing through the air,

Then lifting back to kiss its

And leave us in despair.

So with my dream this evening,

And so it is I know.

It was the Twilight talking

In accents soft and low.

—Juliet V. Strauss.

ROCKVILLE, Ind.

In August.

When katydids begin to sing

In cadence soft, 'er everything

Autumn has come a dreamily

A spirit of tranquillity:

A sense of ripeness and repose

Soft as the breeze that eubs and flows

Among the pines when eventide

Broods over them.

So lulled we glide

Beyond the summer's luring ways,

Oblivious of other days.

For winter clouds are lowering

And katydids have ceased to sing.

—E. O. Langhain.

PARIS, Ill.

Jenny and I

Jenny and I were lovers

Many and many a year;

But the rose was wed to her lips o' red

And the red rose creeps where her true heart

sleeps.

And the moonlight falleth dear

Where Jenny and I were lovers—

Many and many a year.

—Frank L. Stanton.

The Going and the Coming.

O there's lots of fun and pleasure in the going to the fair—

The going to the fair,

And the silver jingles, tangles and there's music in the air—

When we're going to the fair,

The fair.

O there's bright anticipation in going to the fair—

The going to the fair,

It's delightful and inviting, and the best time o' the year—

When we're going to the fair,

The fair.

O there isn't any pleasure in the walking from the fair—

The walking from the fair,

The fair silver ceased to jingle, and the rough roads make you swear,

When you're walking from the fair,

The fair.

—Atlanta Constitution.

A Blessed Mendicant.

O little Sister of the Poor,

Whittle wimple draw about your face,

I catch you beg for food in the street

And wonder at your saintly grace.

Not for yourself, the alms you ask,

But largesse for your aged friends;

Your portion for the meek task

Is the reward that never ends.

"For the dear God," you meekly say,

"For the dear God," I reply,

Such meditation paves the way

To heaven, for sinners such as I.

Dear Little Sister of the Poor,

Your zeal and grace my soul bewitch,

The name is a misnomer, sure,

For Little Sister of the Rich.

—M. L. Rayne, in Detroit Free Press.

August.

The beaty, stinging outcry, sharp and high,

That one great insect, the music new;

The blackest corn and out have from the

mouth

Lured down the splendor and the melody.

The quiver sings—and oh, so tenderly—

The yellow-bird. The field and air allow

their piping voices to the wood and bow

of silence, in mute bliss of memory.

From time to time there comes a voice, but, filled

With thought on what has been, their grave

day

Stands bowed and speechless. Hill and vale

The chatty wits have little left to say;

All busily the thrifty spiders build

and, one by one, their webs away.

—John Vance Cheney, in The Century.

You Will Get an Idea of

The Power of Money

If you call on us this week. We continue for a few days longer our great sale—\$18, \$16.50 and \$15 Suits for Men

\$9.90

OUR \$12 SUITS FOR MEN, ALL WOOL, \$7.68

A handsome G. A. R. Hat (fur), with double gilt cord and wreath complete, only \$1.

ORIGINAL EAGLE

5 and 7 WEST WASHINGTON STREET.

HAT DEPARTMENT, 16 South Meridian Street.

PLAYERS BEGIN TO MOVE

AMUSEMENTS.

"Zeb" Will Open the Local Theatrical Season at the Park To-Morrow.

Gossip About Stage Folk That Have Been Seen in Indianapolis—No End to Farce-Comedy in Sight.

The regular theatrical season, which begins a little earlier than usual this season because of the encampment, will be inaugurated by the opening of the Park to-morrow. Both the Grand and English's will remain closed until the latter part of the month, and then they, too, will fall into the line of those who provide entertainment for theater-goers. With each succeeding year the Park is the first to open its doors and the last to close them, and from the beginning to the end of each season it has no "open time." The record of its patronage is a most remarkable one, equalled, perhaps, by no other theater in the country; for since the time it was first opened as a combination house, now seven or eight years ago, it has not had a single losing week.

An attraction that did the greatest half week's business at this house last season will be seen there this week, the first performance being given at the matinee to-morrow. That is "Zeb," a comedy of Hoosier life, written by Sam M. Young, in which there is a little of everything in the line of sensationalism and fun making. The scenes of the play are laid in the natural gas belt, near Monroe, and while the characterization may not be exactly true to life, they are still well defined and amusing. Zeb is a countryman who has a very lively experience both at home on the farm and in the city, where he goes to see the world's fair, but his native shrewdness and courage pull him through all right. One of the best characterizations in the piece is that of Sis Hopkins, which is admirably played by Miss Rose Melville, a really clever comedienne. From T. Bush, Katherine M. Evans and other capable people are in the cast, which also includes a quartet and specialty performers. "Zeb" will be given with new scenery, one of which is a panoramic representation of the world's fair, in which many thousands of feet of canvas are employed. The company opens its season here.

Miss Cora B. Tennis, a young woman who is well remembered here, where she lived when she was a young girl, has seen a good deal since she went on the stage, five years ago. Her first appearance was made with Henry L. Dixey in "Adonia," and she remained with him for two seasons. She then went to London with one of D'Oyley Carte's opera companies, and she is now in Chicago, having just returned from a long tour of Australia. She is a striking looking woman, and has developed into a pleasing singer.

Forrest Robinson, the well-known young leading actor, and Miss Mabel Bert, a popular actress, were quietly married last Friday night at the West Hotel, in Indianapolis, by Judge Hooker, of the Supreme Court. The ceremony took place in the apartments of George L. Lord, of the Indianapolis Tribune. They were members of Jacob Little's stock company in St. Paul, and closed their engagement there Saturday evening last. Next season Mr. Robinson will play the regular place of amusement, playing the leading roles in "The Lost Paradise," in which Mr. Robinson was seen in Indianapolis last season. He is in many respects a fine actor, and has been playing for some time on the American stage, a hard student and a gentleman. Miss Bert has long had an enviable reputation as a versatile and talented actress.

People who affect an interest in what they term "the higher forms of dramatic art" are wont to allude scornfully to a class of entertainment which has taken a strong hold on the American people of late years, and is misnamed "farce-comedy." These people called the Theater of Art and Letters with delight, says the New York Sun, because they believed it was going to offer them plays of a higher order than could be found in the regular places of amusement, and the assertion was frequently made a year ago that such trash as "A Trip to Chinatown" and "The City Directory" had seen its last days in New York. The fact that the first-named of these plays still occupies the stage of the Madison-square Theater, where it has been played nearly 650 times to the great profit of its author and manager, makes it worth one's while to inquire why it should enjoy such remarkable prosperity. Aesthetic folk still speak of it with contempt, and assert that it is nothing but a variety show and that anybody could "put together" a piece of its sort as cleverly as Mr. Hoyt did. Nevertheless, "A Trip to China Town" is a remarkably ingenious bit of dramatic construction, and so smoothly are different scenes and specialties dovetailed into one another that it is easy enough for the layman to believe that they are simply thrown together haphazard. Every one who has attempted playwrighting knows that it requires more art to construct a good entertainment of this sort than to write a romantic drama in four acts. The farce-comedy depends largely on its specialties, but it is absolutely necessary that there should be a reason for the introduction of each of these, and that they should not be inserted in by the ears to the disgust of all right-thinking and level-headed spectators. The time has gone by when a song can be safely introduced by the line "Well it's snowing outside, and while we're waiting for it to clear off Miss Kittie Socks will sing 'Under the Danes.'" Nor is it permissible to bring on a company of athletes by the simple remark, "Here come the cont